

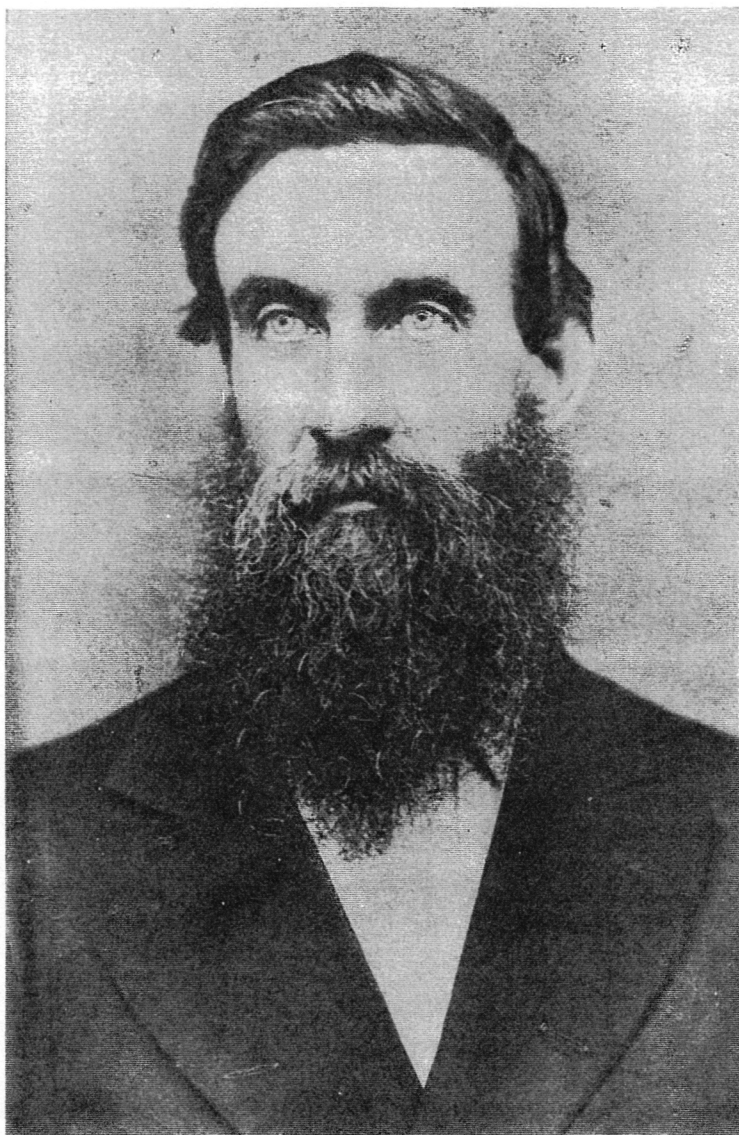


Captions for the Cover

1. The sailing ship "MAURY" in which my father and mother travelled from New York to Singapore in 1860 (pg. 1).
2. A picture of the first residence at Petchaburi occupied by my father and mother (pg. 2).
3. The first Siamese typewriter. A Smith Premier No. 1 adapted by my brother, Edwin and brought out to Bangkok in 1892 (pg. 9).
4. The landing stage in front of the Siriraj Hospital (pg. 10).
5. A silver overlaid gold bowl of superb Siamese workmanship on a black ebony base bearing an appropriate inscription on silver. The handles represent the "Bird of Peace", "The Hong" holding tiny bells in their beaks (pg. 19).
6. The author.

REMINISCENCES
OF
TWELVE DECADES
OF
SERVICE
TO
SIAM
1860—1936

BY
GEORGE B. McFARLAND



Samuel Gamble McFarland, D. D.



Mrs. Jane Hays McFarland

1905

Wm. H. McFarland

TWELVE DECADES OF SERVICE

As I near the three-score-and-ten year milestone—the allotted age for man—I find myself looking backward. I have not stopped looking forward and there are still some tasks I hope to see accomplished but to-day it is peculiarly fitting that I glance back over the span of a long life and indicate what seem to me some things worth remembering.

The world is full of self-made men,—men who have surmounted great obstacles and who feel they owe no one credit for what they are or what they have done. I am not one of those men: I owe much to my parents. The McFarland name has been known in Siam for seventy-six years. I am the last of my line in Siam and on this occasion I wish to review briefly the twelve decades and more of McFarland service given freely and gladly to Siam—the land of our adoption and of my birth.

I want to begin my story farther back than I can remember. Back in 1860, the little sailing ship Maury travelled from New York to Singapore bringing two young people who had travelled the Seven Seas with courage and faith, longing to give their lives in service for Siam. The voyage had been a hard one, around Cape Good Hope, one hundred days to Singapore. Six more days of travel in the Siamese steamer "Alligator" brought them to Bangkok. Storms had driven them far south into bitter cold and the little Maury's only heating plant was the cook stove. There only could the chilled passengers find a measure of relief: but greater hardships lay ahead. One can partly imagine the excitement as their steamer slid over the bar and up the Menam Chao Phya past the Prachadee Klang Nam and finally reached anchorage at Bangkok.

The Presbyterian Mission had recently sold their property south of Wat Chang and had bought Samray property which continued

Presbyterian headquarters for several decades. The missionaries there in 1860 were the Rev. Samuel Mattoon, D. D. and Mrs. Mattoon, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel House, the Rev. J. Wilson, D. D. and Mrs. Wilson (she died that year) and the Rev. Daniel McGilvary, D. D. and Mrs. McGilvary (married later that year). To swell this number came the Rev. S. G. McFarland, D. D. and Mrs. McFarland and the Rev. Noah McDonald, D. D. and Mrs. McDonald. (These titles were subsequently acquired.)

Two other mission stations existed then. The American Baptist Association had bought property behind the Portuguese Legation. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Chandler, the Rev. S. J. Smith, LITT. D. and Mrs. Smith and the Rev. and Mrs. Robert Telford lived there. The American Missionary Association was located at Klong Bang Luang with Dr. and Mrs. Dan Beach Bradley only.

For several years there had been interest felt in Petchaburi and several visits made there. Doubtless the initial impulse was given added life when King Mongkut built a palace on the Petchaburi mountain in 1860 and dug canals connecting the rivers, thus facilitating transportation. The Governor of Petchaburi was a very progressive man and wanted his sons to learn English. Of course those best prepared to give this service were the American Missionaries. With the reinforcements of 1860, the way seemed open for starting a mission station in Petchaburi. Permission was secured and the Rev. Daniel McGilvary and his bride of six months, daughter of Dr. Dan Beach Bradley, together with the newly arrived Rev. S. G. McFarland and wife were set apart for this adventure. Adventure it truly was, for Petchaburi was three days and two nights away from Bangkok by row boat. There was no residence for the new missionaries, two of whom had been in the country less than a year, and Dr. McGilvary himself only two years. But they all faced their task with high courage and faith and the subsequent years were neither uneventful nor unproductive. Six years later Dr. and Mrs. McGilvary left for Chiangmai to found that station. As the McFarlands spent seventeen years in Petchaburi the record of those



William Hays McFarland



Samuel Edwin Hunter McFarland

years is more the record of the McFarland family than of any other though most of the time they were not the only ones in the station and much that was done is due to that additional help.

One of the first tasks to which my father put his hand was the starting of a school in which the Governor's sons were pupils. But along with this came the necessary provision for his family. A house must be built. House building for a man with no carpenter training is never easy and often not very successful. In this case it was doubly difficult because the language was not yet fully learned and because lumber must be brought from Bangkok and dressed after arrival. It came over to the mouth of the Petchaburi river in larger craft, there to be transferred to boats of shallow draft. Many days and nights my father spent at the mouth of the river and a church later organized at Ban Laam was the by-product of the house building—or was it the major concern and the house the by-product? Anyway a comfortable brick house was built—so well built that when it was condemned some fifty odd years afterward it was found very hard to raze—and the church was eventually organized. The educational work seems to have developed rapidly. The first school house was a small building erected in the front of the compound. It had a teak floor raised some three feet from the ground, one brick wall, three of bamboo and an attap roof. This building also served as chapel and a church was organized in 1863 with three Siamese members and the missionaries.

In April 1865 my mother started an industrial school for women and girls,—the first in Siam. They were gathered in and were taught sewing. As their time was considered valuable for work in home and field they would only come if paid for so doing. The plain jackets she taught the women to make for themselves created a style that spread to other places and is still occasionally seen on older women. The first sewing machine in Petchaburi was introduced by my mother.

Success in building his own house and the evident need led to the decision in the late 60's to build a church. The brick must be burned by a painfully slow process then prevalent in Siam. The lumber must again be brought from Bangkok. The downstairs of

the McFarland residence was converted into a work-shop. There the wood was sawn and planed day after day. After four years of labour, on August 18th, 1872 the church was dedicated. Missionaries came over from Bangkok to be present. The Rev. C. B. Bradley preached the dedicatory sermon; the Rev. Noah McDonald D. D. offered the dedicatory prayer; Nai Kaan, the caretaker rang the bell. The little Christian band thanked God and took new courage.

Early in 1872, Frank Vincent Jr. had come to Siam on a three-year journey around the world. He needed a guide for the trip he hoped to make to Cambodia to visit the ruins of Angkor Wat. These had been visited a decade earlier by Henri Mouhot, who while not the discoverer of the buried ruins, did give to the world the first real account of them. My father and General F. W. Partridge, U. S. Consul, were invited to join the Vincent expedition. They started January 25, 1872 in three boats. These were later exchanged for horses, carts and bullocks. Later three elephants were in use. After his return—my father wrote one of the most accurate and detailed descriptions of Angkor Wat I have seen.

In 1873 my father and mother made a trip to U. S. A.—the first in thirteen years. Four children had been born into the family—William Hays, Samuel Edwin Hunter, George Bradley and Mary Cornwell. These had all been born in Bangkok for only there could medical assistance be found. Ordinarily, home remedies sufficed but there were times when Dr. Dan Bradley's skill was essential. One such occasion it was when my mother had dysentery. Do what my father could the dear patient grew steadily worse. The Governor very kindly offered his oarsmen and the extra shift of oarsmen made continuous travel possible: the trip was made in record time and my mother's life saved. Another time the family were in Bangkok when smallpox, then epidemic, broke out on the mission compound. My mother quickly obtained all possible instructions from Dr. Bradley as to what to do in case any of her children came down with the disease, and straightway piled them into the house-boat and fled for Petchaburi, away from danger of contagion. None of us contracted the disease, fortunately, but one can imagine the anxious

days and nights as my mother watched her little brood for dangerous symptoms. I well remember as a child being allowed to fold the tiny bits of paper containing each a dose of quinine carefully measured out by my father for those of his own household and those who came from far and near to buy the precious medicine that had power to break the fever.

The furlough in U. S. A. was full of wonder to us children but when the time for return to Siam came in August 1875, Will and Ed remained behind to attend school. Mary and I came back with Father and Mother.

One of my father's acquired arts was the art of printing. Dr. Bradley was doubtless his tutor and from him he secured his font of type and hand-press. For an amateur my father certainly was remarkably successful both with his printing and his binding. I have heard printers express admiration for his work. We children had our own tiny font of English type and a part of our education consisted in learning type-setting, printing and binding. When we returned from U. S. A. in 1875 my father started printing a Siamese hymnal with notes. I don't know when the first Siamese Hymnal was printed but one there was printed on the A. M. A. press. A supplement was printed in 1859 and in 1860 the Rev. S. J. Smith got out his first supplement. These were without tunes. During the furlough Father had been given some money for the new hymnal. Those interested gave him \$5.00 each and selected a favourite hymn to be put into Siamese. With this money blocks for the music were bought. My father would explain the meaning of the hymn, putting it into simple prose, to old Kru Poon, and then sing the tune over and over until he caught the air. By the hour Kru Poon would struggle over the translation writing down his words with a short stubby pencil never more than an inch and a half long. Finally the hymnal was printed on Father's little old hand press in 1876. A second edition was printed in 1885. "Mighty oaks from tiny acorns grow" but that first edition of the Hymnal with notes was wonderful—in those days.

In the early days all missionaries made dictionaries, English into Siamese. Several of these are still in existence. Carefully,

painstakingly were they written as the new language was being acquired. My father evidently did the same as he toiled over the Siamese language. But he did one thing the others had not done; he printed this with his own hands and sold it. This was in 1865. The first edition contained 7500 words and the edition was 400. In the early 80's he got out a second edition and in 1890 a third revised and enlarged edition of approximately 9000 words.

My father acquired the Siamese language very perfectly for a foreigner. I have heard educated Siamese say they could not tell that he was a foreigner when he spoke unless they saw him. Such ability with the language in one coming to Siam in adult life is rare.

Just how much the Siamese Bible owes to my father I do not know, but I do know many of the books were of his translation or translated with his assistance. Four of the books of the Pentateuch and most of the Minor Prophets were his translation. He also translated the Westminster Catechism, a Bible Text Book, wrote a Treatise on Christian Evidences, A Synopsis of Church History, a Confession of Faith, A Tract on Temperance and various other tracts and sermons.

After he got his school and church started and his family housed, my father spent much time touring. He travelled by river and canals in his houseboat. By night it was a sleeping room: by day it was a tract-dispensary. For land trips my father constructed a wheelbarrow geared with a dial showing the distance travelled. He rode a pony and his helpers managed the wheelbarrow which contained everything needful. As a result of this extensive itinerant preaching little schools were started and several country churches were later organized.

The work of my mother's Industrial School grew; accommodations were inadequate. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions gave \$2,000.00 and promised \$2,000.00 more. So plans for a \$4,000.00 building were made and work started. The church had been four years in building. The Girls' School took two. The under-the-house-work-shop was a busy place. My father had brought back from America some simple machinery and with other of his

own making he was able to turn out much better dressed lumber than in his former efforts. I well remember how my father and mother made the pattern for the open woodwork placed over windows and doors. The design was drawn by hand on small-sized paper. Then with a lamp this was projected on to larger paper. One operated the lamp and pattern, the other drew the enlarged design.

It was a tragic day when word came that owing to unexpected difficulties the Board would be unable to fulfil its pledge for the second \$2,000.00. The work was already partly done. A Siamese friend then suggested a subscription be started and an attempt made to secure funds locally since the Government Officials were in hearty sympathy with the cause. H. M. King Chulalongkorn headed the list with a gift of \$1,000.00: the remainder was given by princes and nobles. Thus was the money secured which completed the building. It still stands but has not been used in recent years since the lovely new Girls' School was built near the Church.

Thus the years passed—eighteen of them. Three permanent buildings had been erected, a boys' school started, an Industrial School started, a Christian community established, literary work—a dictionary, parts of the Bible etc. and a hymnal—and the gospel preached in the surrounding country and at Pak Talay, Tah Rua Ban Pai and Ban Laam the foundations laid for the three churches organized in the early 80's.

In 1878 H. M. King Chulalongkorn wanted to start the first government school on modern lines for sons of princes and nobles. The position of head-master was offered to my father. My father and mother loved their work in Petchaburi and it was not easy to leave and turn their work over to others. But the opportunity was unusual. And so the matter was discussed pro and con. Finally the die was cast. My father and mother resigned from the Presbyterian Mission and moved their family to Bangkok.

Suan Anan began its school life auspiciously under Royal Patronage. Some of Siam's finest men of the older generation, proudly to-day refer to their education there under my father. I

myself continued my education there graduating in 1883, ready to enter sophomore year at Washington and Jefferson College in 1884. During that period trained teachers were difficult to secure and I tried my hand at teaching before I left for U. S. A. The Rev. J. A. Eakin D. D. was one of the teachers my father secured from America. Mr. Culbertson was another. Other teachers came from Singapore. The years were full of sun and shade. The task was not an easy one. Gradually an English trend in education set in and this led to drastic changes in educational policy and practice. My memory of those years is dim for I was in U. S. A. in school but in 1891 the school was moved from Suan Anan to Sunandalaya. In 1892 it was entirely abandoned and the 250 and more boys were deprived of further schooling. The equipment was scattered as completely as the pupils. My father was then taken into the Textbook Department where he put several books into Siamese for school use—a Botany, a Geology, and a System of Single and Double entry Bookkeeping I know of. After the break-up of Sunandalaya, Father and Mother left Bak Klong Dalat where they were living and moved into the house given me at Siriraj Hospital. In 1893 my father made a short trip to U. S. A., the rest of us remaining in Siam. After his return he opened a Night School for former Sunandalaya students. About this time Ed and Mary returned to U. S. A. Father's two hours of teaching nightly made sleep impossible for him and it told on his health. Heart-break over the closing of Sunandalaya did not help matters. Finally my father's health failed completely and this necessitated a return to U. S. A. in 1896. My sister Mary was then a very successful kindergarten teacher in Washington D. C. and with her they made their home as long as they lived. My father died in 1897 and my mother in 1908. Between them, my father and mother gave 72 years of service to Siam.

My brother Will attended Washington and Jefferson College, Pa. He later was in business for one year in Pittsburgh but in 1884 he returned to Siam. A position in the Ministry of War was offered him where he served seven years. Two special things mark his



George Bradley McFarland, M. D., D. D. S.

memory. He wrote a Handbook for studying English and Siamese. And he it was who worked out the names for the army orders, such as right-about-face, present-arms, etc. in use to-day. In 1887 Will married Mary McDonald, daughter of the missionaries who came to Siam with Father and Mother in 1860. Two children were born to them, Bessie and Willa. On April 21st 1891, while the family were at Ang Hin, Will died in Bangkok of cholera, ending a very promising life thus near its beginning of usefulness.

Edwin graduated from Washington and Jefferson College in 1884 and at once returned to Siam with Will. When H. R. H. Prince Damrong became the first Minister of Public Instruction; Ed became his private secretary. During a furlough in U. S. A. in 1891, Ed went into the Smith Premier Typewriter factory and made the first Siamese typewriter returning to Siam with it in 1892. He had chosen the Smith Premier as best adapted to his purpose because of its large number of keys. Even so it lacked two of the number needful to write the complete Siamese alphabet. Do what he would, he could not get the whole alphabet and tone marks on the machine. So he did a very bold thing; he scrapped two letters of the Siamese alphabet and the amazing thing is they have remained scrapped to this day: they are absolutely obsolete.

But on Ed's return to Siam after furlough, he found changes had taken place. The Ministry of the Interior had been organized and H. R. H. Prince Damrong was transferred to that Ministry. Ed decided to return to U. S. A. and study pharmacy expecting to return to Siam as a pharmacist. Death overtook him in 1895, and his service to Siam was brief. But a tremendous gift he had made the country of his birth. His name should never be forgotten when the makers of modern Siam are counted. He had vision and faith and did his bit for Siam.

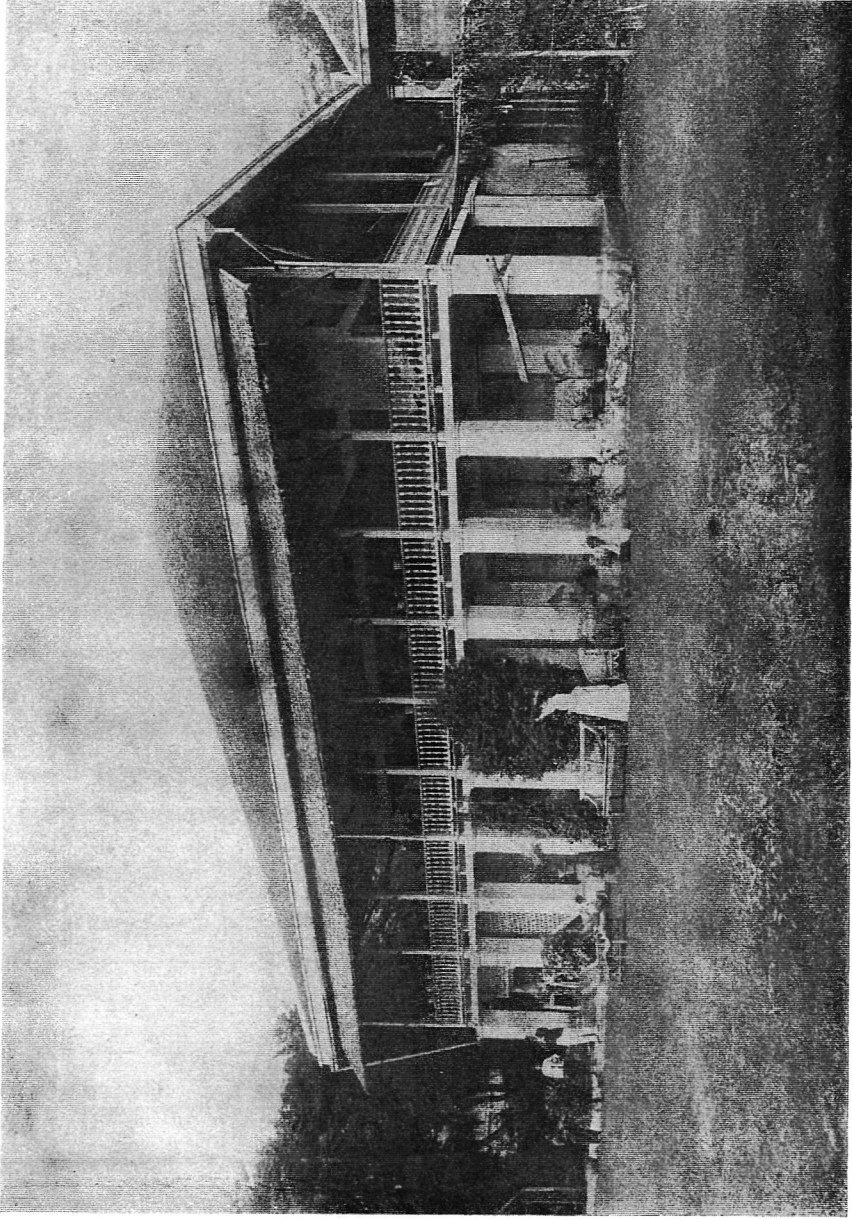
I was the last of the flock to leave home for education in U. S. A. Certain it is that during those last years before leaving for America I got my bearings and when I went I knew what I wanted. I had as a child helped my father fold up quinine and epsom salts in doses. More recently I had for some months acted as interpreter at

Petchaburi for Dr. E.A. Sturge who came out to join the Presbyterian Mission in 1881. This gave me my vision of Siam's need and I resolved to study medicine and return to Siam as a doctor.

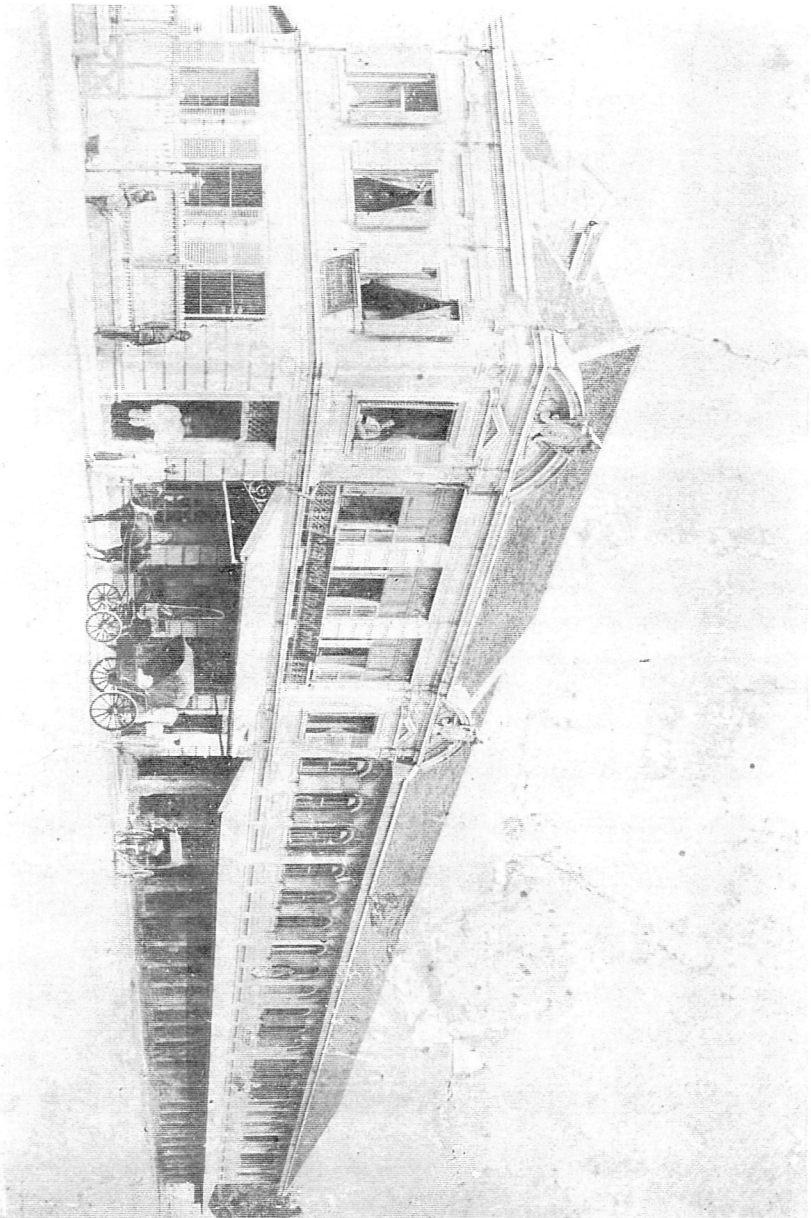
I attended Washington and Jefferson College from 1884 to 1887 and in 1890 was graduated from Western Medical College with an M. D. degree. I again secured an M. D. in 1891 from Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons. At the same time I was taking a course in dentistry in Chirurgical College of Dentistry, Baltimore, from which I secured a D. D. S. in 1891. In 1921 the University of Pittsburg confirmed my M. D. degree.

Before returning to Siam in the latter part of 1891, it had been agreed, on solicitation by Dr. T. Heyward Hays then in government service, that on arrival I should be placed in charge of the Siriraj Hospital, and that as soon as possible a Medical College should be opened under my direction. The work at the hospital began January 1st, 1892 and the Royal Medical College was opened in April of the same year with 17 pupils. Dr. Hays had previously taught a class of men for a short time and the founding of the Royal Medical College is sometimes dated from that time though the new Medical College did not join on to that previous teaching in any way as the students had been scattered before I arrived. A residence nearby was put at my disposal and my father and mother lived with me there after Sunandalaya was closed.

The story of those early years of both the Siriraj Hospital and the Royal Medical College is a very halting one. Western medicine was not yet really accepted in Siam. The rather recently established Siriraj Hospital was very progressive,—indeed it provided either Siamese or western medical treatment, as best pleased the patient. No doctor ever faced keener competition. The Siamese doctors were fighting for their time-honoured drugs and treatment; the newly graduated American doctor was fighting for his faith in western medicine and practice. It was a long bitter fight against great odds. Lack of equipment, attap-roofed hospital wards, a most meagre array of surgical instruments, a medical library only as



The Siriraj Residence



Dental Office, Sri Kak Phyasri

extensive as the pocket-book of a young medico would warrant, inexperience, etc. etc. etc.—that was truly a pioneer job. Even the medical students, being married men, were given a salary of Tcs. 12.00 per month to induce them to attend the lectures, I myself getting the magnificent salary of Tcs. 320.00 per month. My early training in economy and privation served me well in my exalted position of House Surgeon and Physician, Dean and Faculty of the Medical College, Business Manager of both Hospital and Medical College. Titles a-plenty I had, but little else.

In November 1891, I opened a private dental office at Bak Klong Dalat where I had taken up residence with my parents. A Ceylonese named Abrahamson did Bangkok's dental work for years: I remember him from my boyhood. Then an Englishman from Singapore, named Stout was here for a brief period. Of course there were the variety of dentists who "pull teeth while you wait" but I was the first American dentist. As soon as buildings were finished I moved my office to Sri Kak Phya Sri where I kept office hours from 3.00 p.m. onward, until the year 1916 when I gave up my dental work in the pressure of other duties. Many aches were relieved and my own meagre salary was supplemented. I introduced ebony-black false teeth which were exceedingly popular in those days. My practice was extensive and often took me into the palace where the King and palace ladies called me. Dentistry was not so far advanced in those days and it was possible to carry my equipment with me—all but my dental chair. Many a time as I worked over some royal patient comfortably seated on the floor I thought longingly of the empty dental chair in my office.

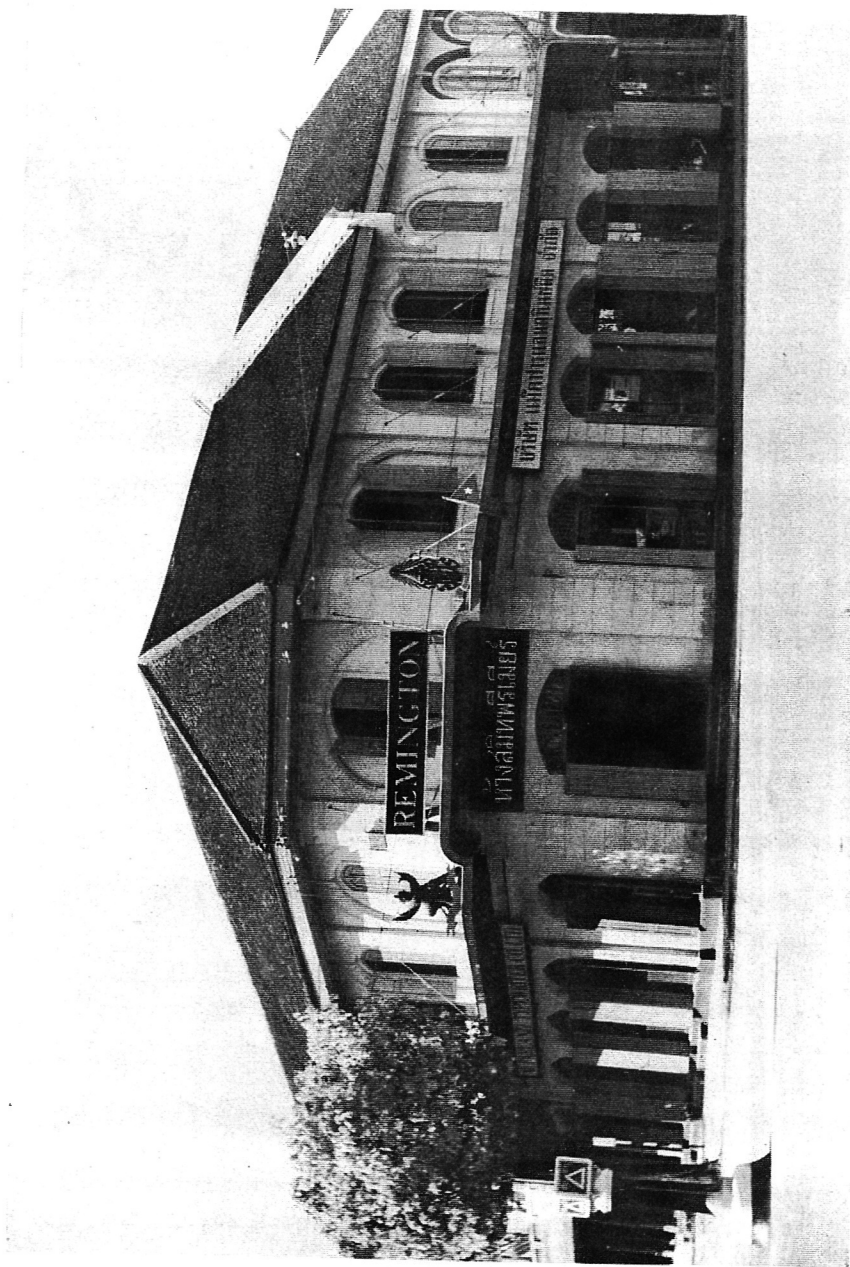
In 1896 I took my father and mother to America and brought back a bride. The old residence at Wang Lang then became our home for twenty-two years. It had its advantages for I was near at hand both for my own task at Siriraj Hospital and also for frequent calls to the Wang Lang School where I was as deeply interested in being helpful as had been my father before me.

We are told that we are "heir of all the ages" and that no man

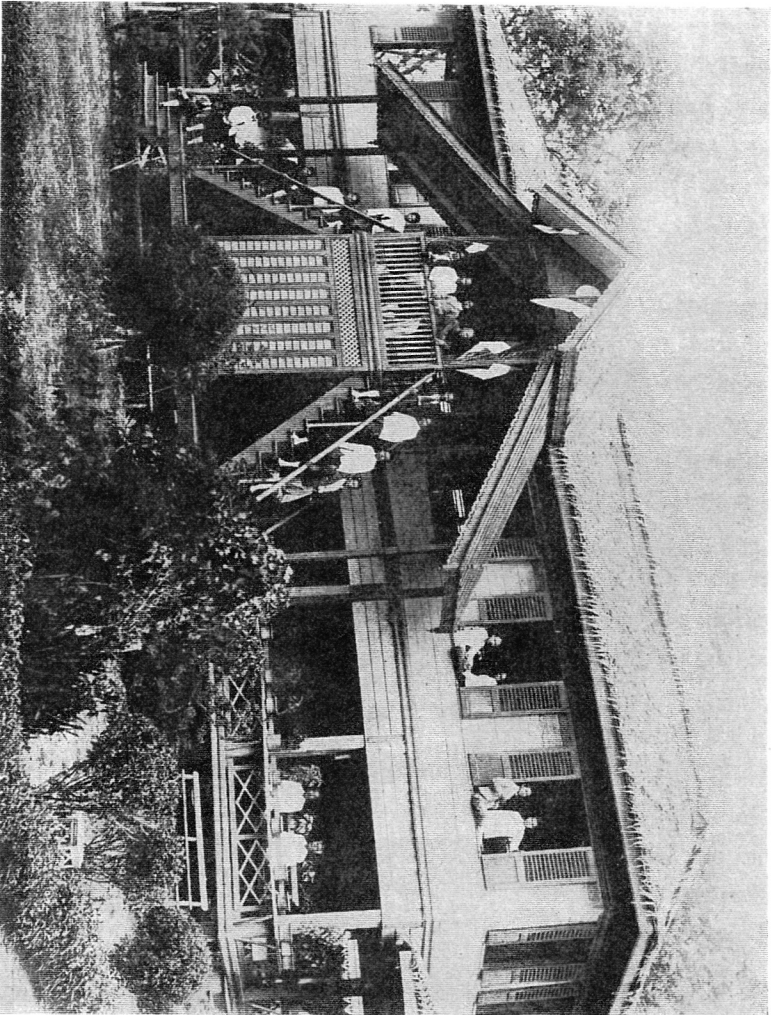
is self-made but gathers unto himself the fruits of the labours of others. This is particularly true of my life and much of the varied activity of the past forty-five years is due to this fact. I had returned to Siam soon after the death of my brother Will. His Handbook was my inheritance. Four years later, my brother Edwin died. His Siamese typewriter was also my inheritance. Two years later my father died. His dictionary was my inheritance. But from both my father and mother came an intangible inheritance that has done much to shape my life and determine my activities. The story of these years is *mine*: it is *my* life work. But it is also the using of the inheritance given me by the four whose story forms the first part of this narrative.

Many others helped me along the way and gave a willing hand in time of need. This is not the place to even mention their names for this is a McFarland story. But one there was who bore the McFarland name for twenty-eight years and who shared every joy and every sorrow—my wife Mary Root McFarland. The story of those years is mine: it is also hers. The climate never suited her: the result was twenty-eight years of fight for life. Rarely has any woman been called upon to endure more physical suffering or to make such a fight to live in the land where her husband's work lies. Courageously and unflinchingly she faced the difficulties and shared my burdens, but the struggle grew too hard and in October, 1923, the worn and weary body was left behind—and desolation filled the home where she had brought strength, joy and comfort.

From 1895 the typewriter became a part of the fabric of my life. On Ed's death it devolved on me to introduce the use of the Siamese typewriter. He had made it but it was not yet appreciated and wanted. I put the machine in my dental office on display. Then in 1897 I opened the Smith Premier Store in a new building just completed on the corner of Burapha and Charoen Krung Roads where it has done business ever since. During the next few years thousands of these machines were imported and the day came when no Government office felt it could do business without a Smith Premier,



Store Building



First Class of the Royal Medical College in Their School Building

The Smith Premier Company was taken over by the Remington Company and in 1915 it was decreed that no more non-shift typewriters were to be manufactured. It was a particularly dark day for Siam because the Smith Premier had been so admirably suited to a language possessing so many characters.

The Company gave me another Siamese Smith Premier. No one wanted it: no one knew how to use a shift machine: everyone cried for the old No. 4's and 5's. I was at my wits' ends: I did not know what to do. "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink." Every one begged for the accustomed machine: so did I: but in vain. Finally I imported rebuilt to supply the evident necessity. I did another more constructive thing: while on furlough I helped the Remington Company to get out its first Siamese Portable. The little machine was so attractive and convenient that people were induced to try to use a shift machine. They found it less difficult than they had expected. Gradually opposition began to break down a little. Then I got out a system of Touch Method instruction in line with modern usage the world over. This helped things tremendously. Then I opened a school to teach this Touch Method and to-day the old Smith Premier double keyboard machines are out-of-date. They are still used in some out-of-the-way places and by those of the "Old School". No up-to-date typist can be bothered with the out-dated machine. But they were wonderful in their day and in the Museum is one of the original shipment of typewriters which I placed there after its owner had had thirty-five years of service out of it and even then he parted with it reluctantly.

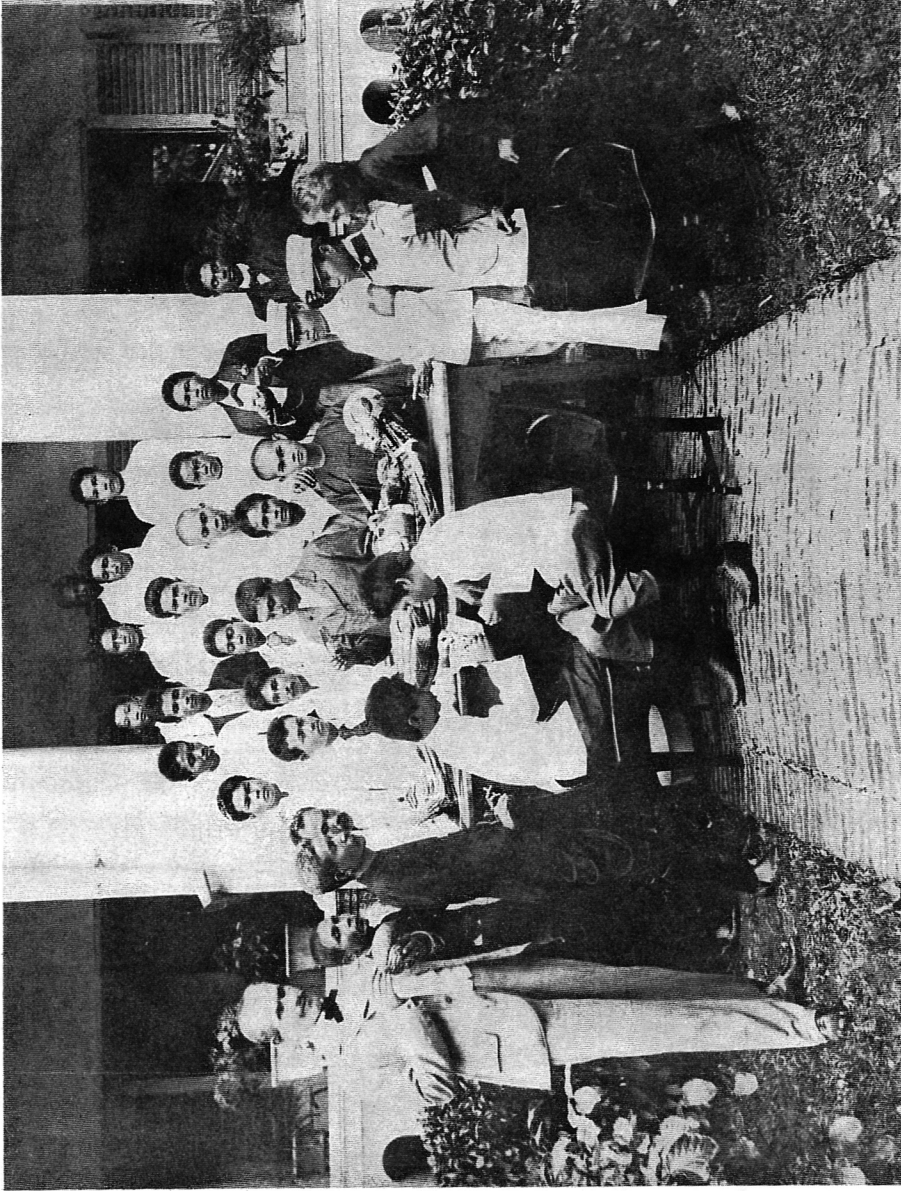
The years since 1915 have seen great development in the Siamese typewriter. The first keyboard provided for all the characters but not for writing the natural way. The mechanism would not allow this. I worked over the mechanism until I discovered how to change it and get the machine made which would write the natural way. Then the Remington Company made it for me. The keyboard was improved and the Remington keyboard has now been taken by every other Siamese typewriter company and put on their machines.

They are quite willing to profit by my effort. I now have a Siamese Portable, Siamese Standard and Siamese Accounting Machine.

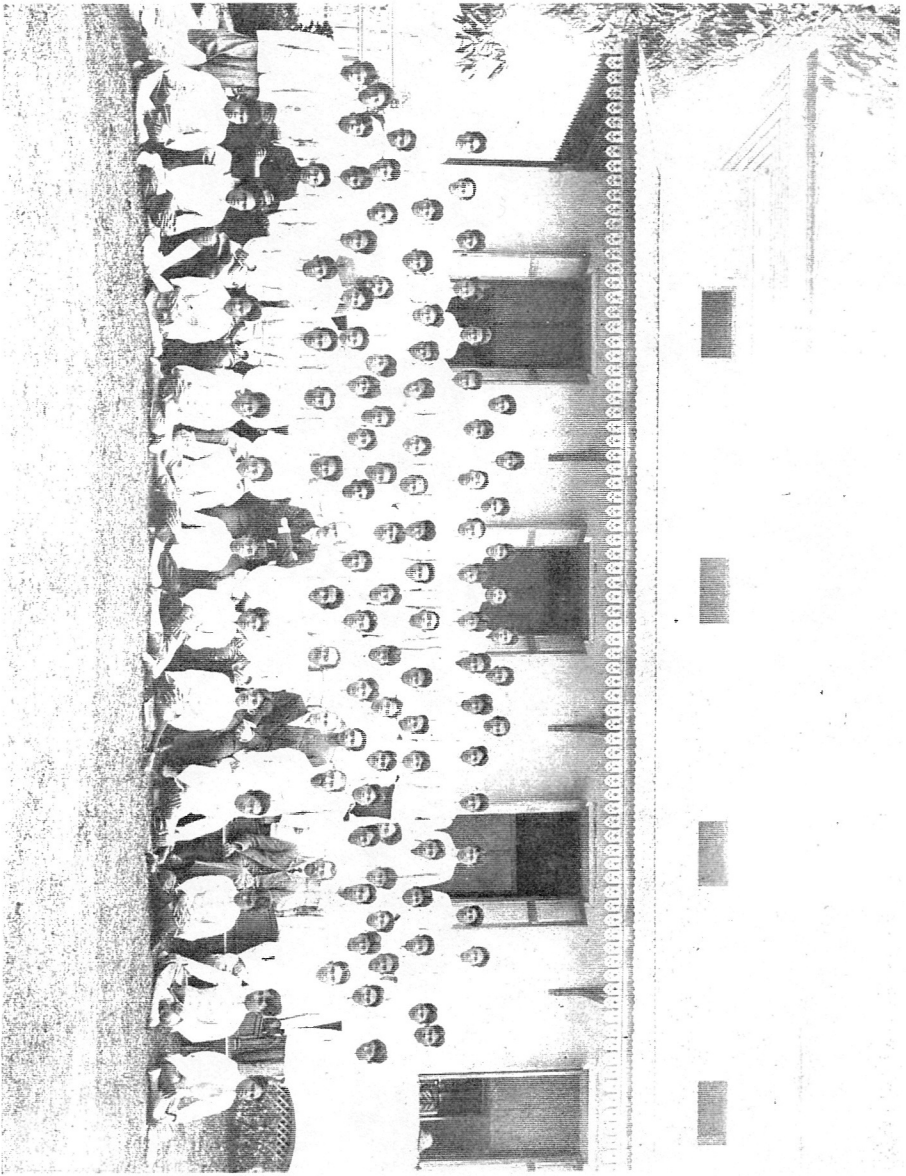
I have established an up-to-date Service Department under a skilled American Mechanic. I have a Typewriter School for teaching typing and a well-equipped Store and Sales Department. My staff numbers fifty at present. During the past eleven years I have enlarged my line to include Office Appliances of all sorts and have had a large part in the introducing of their use into Government offices. Much water has flowed under the bridge since I first put the Siamese typewriter on display in my dental office but I feel I have not broken faith with my brother who passed on his vision and his typewriter to me.

The story of Will's bequest is a shorter one. The Handbook had not been completed at the time of his death. Ed prepared the manuscript for the press. In 1900 I revised and enlarged it and in 1913 the third edition was printed.

My father's little dictionary has fared something like Ed's typewriter: it has become one of the major designs in the fabric of my life. My father printed the 1865 edition with his own hands in Petchaburi. In the early 80's a second edition was printed on the Suan Anan press. In 1890 he got out his third edition, revised and considerably enlarged. That edition consisted of 600 volumes and was soon exhausted. For five years the book was out of print but in 1903 I brought out a fourth edition. Ninety per cent of the definitions were altered or re-written and the book enlarged. This edition was 2,000. Later I sent the dictionary to Japan and had blocks made and the dictionary reduced in size. This formed the fifth edition in 1910. The earthquake in 1915 destroyed these and the next set were made locally. The subsequent editions printed were in 1915, 1916, 1930, 1932, and a tenth edition is in the press. Revision and enlargement is in progress and it is hoped that the eleventh edition will appear next year. It will still retain its present character and assay to meet the needs of the school boy acquiring elementary English. Thus have I kept faith with my father.



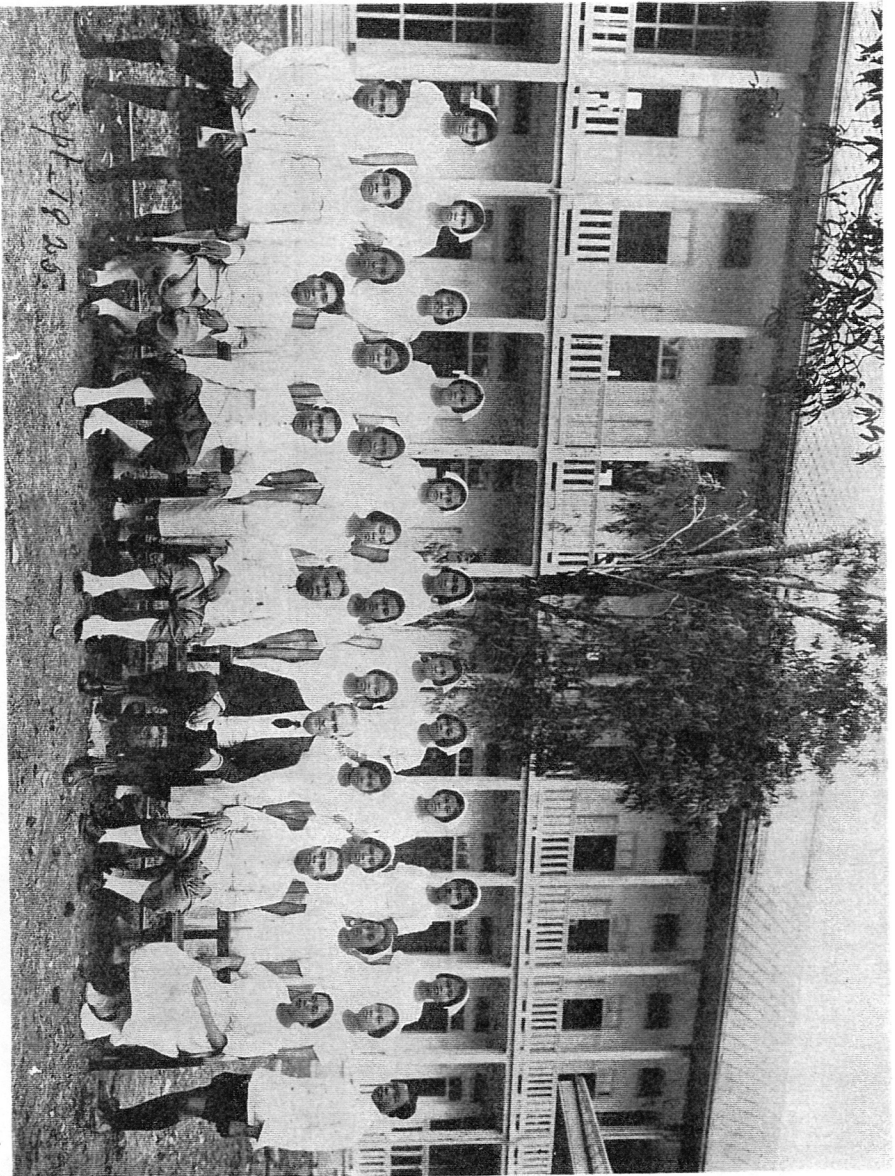
Class in Anatomy, 1892



Faculty and Graduating Class of the Early 1900's

My labour over the English to Siamese dictionary led me to purchase the rights to the Michell Siamese to English dictionary thinking to reprint it. But I decided to revise it as the language had changed very greatly since the publication of that book. So I started work. This was in April 1926. Soon after this my vision enlarged for the Government Siamese dictionary came out and I was given permission to use it in any way I saw fit. So I decided to follow Michell but also to follow the Government dictionary. For ten years I have laboured on this task. My dictionary is in manuscript form and is to go into the hands of the printers as soon as the paper now being manufactured for me arrives.

Other literary work marked the earlier years. In my work at the Royal Medical College I soon found I must have books. English books were utterly useless. The students had only a very elementary education at best and English was not a required subject until 1903 when the lecturers were increased to seven. One of these, Luang Wechit (later Phya Wijit), lectured on English. *The Bangkok Times* in commenting on the additions to the Faculty at this time said: "The object of the last lectureship, it should be explained, is simply to familiarize the students with European weights and measures, etc., and not at all to impart a knowledge of the English language." So it is no wonder that I felt I must put medical books into my students' hands and that they must be in Siamese. I tried to get Government backing but in vain for the officials naively said, "None of us know enough to know whether your books are good or bad. How can we back them up?" So my wife mimeographed the syllabuses of my lectures and I wrote and printed at my own expense several text books,—Human Anatomy with Plates and Diagrams, Vols. I, II and III; Materia Medica and Therapeutics; Elementary Physiology, with 43 illustrations; Advanced Physiology; A Treatise on Asiatic Plague, its Spread and Prophylaxis; Elementary Treatise on Diseases of the Nervous System. These books strengthened my hands greatly. Gradually the standard of education in Siam was raised and my incoming students registered this improvement. In 1892 there



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munity have been my closest contacts a-down the years. The missionary interests have been mine from infancy up. Living at Wang Lang, next door to the Wang Lang School, gave me many opportunities for service. Miss Cole I had known from the day she first landed in Siam. Indeed she had taught in Suan Anan for some weeks before the Laos boats came that took her to Chiang-mai for her first term. Many were the opportunities she gave my wife and me for service at the School: precious was the friendship. One of the heavy burdens as time went on was the provision of accommodation for the growing number of applicants. It is one of my joys that I was able to make possible the present location of Wattana Wittaya Academy as I had already purchased land in that region foreseeing the future expansion of Bangkok in that direction. After my wife's death, I deeded to the American Presbyterian Mission a tract of sixteen rai east of the school as a Memorial to my wife whose deep interest had been the welfare of the Wang Lang Girls' School.

I purchased a small piece of ground at Tapan Sawang. For some years my wife and I carried the financial responsibility for a Girls' School there: Miss Cole superintended its activities. Finally in February 1922 I gave the school to the American Presbyterian Mission that its future might be assured and it was given the name Jane Hays Memorial in honour of my sainted mother who had done so much for the education of women and girls in Petchaburi.

In memory of my father I repaired the old Petchaburi Church he had built. It was re-dedicated on the 18th August 1936, sixty-four years after the first dedication.

In 1902 I was ordained elder of the Second Church of Bangkok, then situated at Wang Lang. I still hold this position in the Fifth Church which was organized at Wattana Wittaya Academy when the school was moved to the new site.

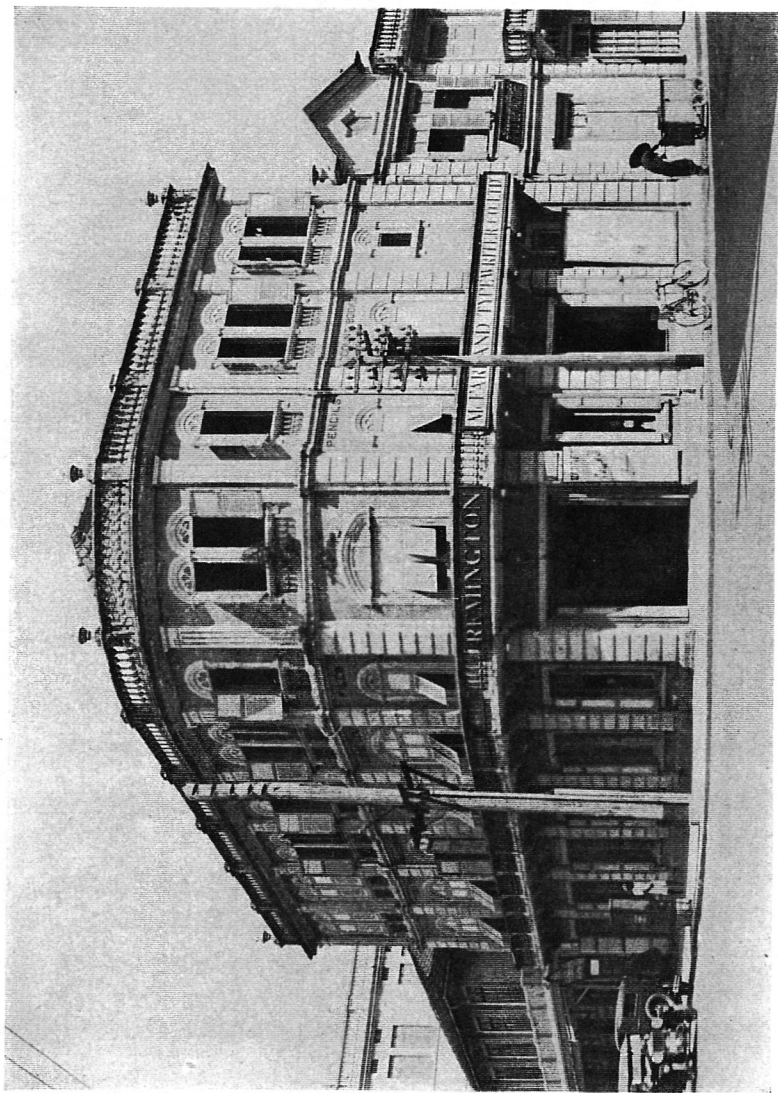
One of the things that received very much of my thought, effort and time was the Conference of Christian Workers of which I was President until 1914. The Christian activities of this organization were my active concern.

The same was true of the Bangkok Christian Association which flourished for a number of years and attempted work for young people. That organization finally dissolved and an entirely separate organization under the American Presbyterian Mission came into being—the Boon Itt Memorial Institute. Of this I was also president until the work was turned over to the Y. M. C. A.

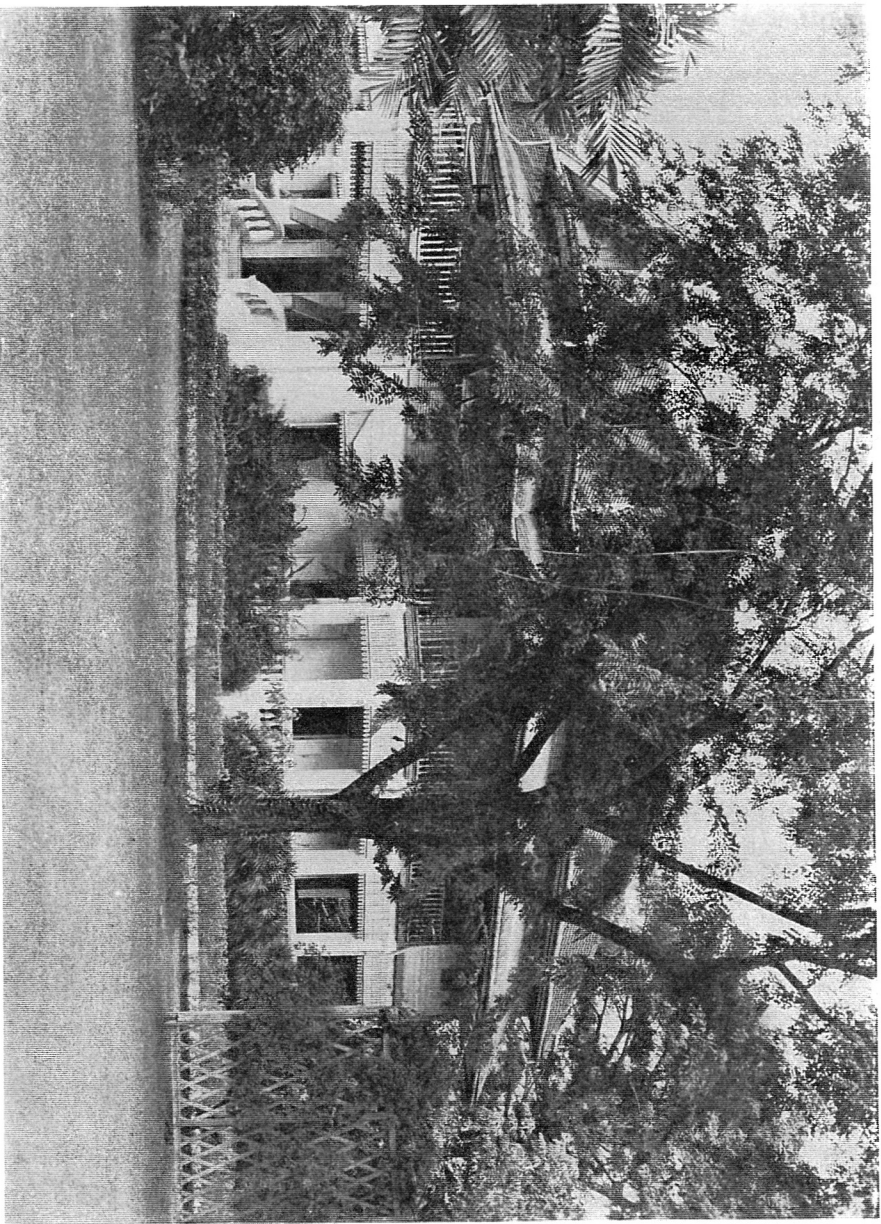
I tried my hand at Christian literature. I put the first eleven chapters of the Gospel of Matthew into high Siamese and printed it. I wrote and printed A Three-month Outline for Bible Study; and Prophecies of the Old Testament Verified in the New Testament.

In 1925 I unintentionally strengthened my connections with the American Presbyterian Mission by marrying one of their number, Bertha Blount, then Principal of Wattana Wittaya Academy. Marriage necessitated her severing her connection with the Mission of which I was not a member. But shortly afterward we were both asked by the Foreign Board in New York and by the Siam Mission to become affiliated members of the Siam Mission. This affiliated membership is a link that binds us the more closely to this group. Many opportunities for service have been given us as a result.

In 1928 it was planned to celebrate the Centenary of Protestant Missions in Siam in some simple way and a committee was formed for this purpose. I was one of the committee. In conversation with H. R. H. Prince Damrong, I mentioned this forthcoming celebration and the Prince insisted that it was an event of too great moment to pass humbly celebrated and advised asking the King for the Royal Gardens for this purpose. This was done and permission was granted. Then came the planning for a fitting celebration. Three days of programme when the Christians entertained the thousands who flocked into the gardens was the result. The King opened the Centenary celebration and gave a notable address. The abundant out-pouring of assistance of every sort, the generous providing of whatever was needed for the event, the placing at the disposal of the Christians of whatever was needed from the Royal Stores Department—all this has gone down in history now and is a



Branch Store Building



Holyrood

Dr McFarlane's Home
Bauhaus

remarkable tribute to the appreciation of the Siamese people for all that the missionaries have done for them. A history of the Century of Protestant Foreign Mission effort in Siam was the contribution my wife and I made at this time.

Several honours have been conferred upon me. King Chulalongkorn gave me the 4th Order of the White Elephant. King Vajiravudh gave me the 3rd Order of the Crown of Siam and conferred the title First Councillor, Phra Ach Vidyagama on me. I also hold the Chakrabarti Mala Medal. I am also Emeritus Professor of the Faculty of Medicine of Chulalankarana University.

The crowning honour of life was conferred on me by my old students last February. Realizing that I had entered my seventieth year they decided to celebrate the event. The result was a Tea Party at the Medical Association Club House. As I sat in the elevated chair where they placed me for the Wien Tien ceremony which followed, and as I looked down on *my boys*, some of them as grey haired as I, most of them men of responsibility and some of them in positions of great trust, my heart swelled with joy and thankfulness. Joy that it has been my privilege to carry aloft the light that passed into my hands from those who had borne it through earlier years, thankfulness that it was my high privilege to win the affection of these ninety-nine men who were gathered about me expressing their own affection and that of some one hundred and twenty-one others who had joined them in the presentation of a Kharn Cherng of exquisite workmanship—a priceless reminder of my precious boys and my long years of service.

